

G. Newell
FABLES.

By the late Mr. GAY.
K

VOLUME THE FIRST.



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MDCCLX.



TO
HIS HIGHNESS
WILLIAM,
Duke of *Cumberland*,

THESE NEW FABLES,
INVENTED FOR HIS AMUSEMENT,

Are humbly DEDICATED, by

HIS HIGHNESS'S

Most Faithful and

Most obedient Servant,

A JOHN GAY.

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A T A L E,



A

T A L E,

Written by a L A D Y, on Reading Mr.
GAY'S FABLES.

A Mother, who vast Pleasure finds
In forming of her Childrens Minds ;
In midst of whom, with great Delight,
She passes many a Winter's Night ;
Mingles in ev'ry Play to find
What Bias Nature gave the Mind ;
Resolving thence to take her Aim
To guide them to the Realms of Fame,
And wisely make those Realms their Way,
To those of Everlasting Day.

Each boist'rous Passion she'd controul,
And early humanize the Soul ;
In simple Tales beside the Fire ;
The noblest notions would inspire :
Her Offspring, conscious of her Care,
Transported hung around her Chair.

Of Scripture Heroes she wou'd tell,
Whose Names they'd lisp ere they cou'd spell :

A T A L E.

Then the delighted Mother smiles,
And shews the Story on the Tiles.

At other times, her Themes wou'd be
The Sages of Antiquity,
Who left a glorious Name behind,
By being Blessings to their kind.
Again she'd take another Scope,
And tell of *Addison* and *Pope*.

Steel's Comedies gave vast Delight,
And entertain'd them many a Night.
C—n—'s cou'd no Admittance find,
Forbid as Poisons to the Mind.
The Author's Wit and Sense, says she,
But heightens his Impiety.

This happy Mother met, one Day,
A Book of Fables writ by *Gay*.
And told her Children, here's a Treasure,
A Fund of Wisdom and of Pleasure.
Such Decency! such Elegance!
Such Morals! such exalted sense!
Well has the Poet found the Art,
To raise the Mind and mend the Heart!

Her favourite Boy the Author seiz'd,
And as he read seem'd highly pleas'd;
Made such reflections ev'ry Page,
The Mother thought above his Age;
Delighted

A T A L E.

Delighted read, but scarce was able
To finish the concluding Fable.

What ails my Child, the Mother cries,
Whose Sorrows now have fill'd your Eyes?

Oh! dear Mamma, can he want Friends,
Who writes for such exalted Ends?
Oh base degenerate human kind!

Had I a fortune to my Mind,
Shou'd *Gay* complain? but now, alas,
Thro' what a world am I to pass?
Where Friendship's but an empty Name,
And Merit scarcely paid in Fame?

Resolv'd to lull his Woes to rest,
She tells him he shou'd hope the best.

This has been yet his Case I own;
But *George* the Second fills the Throne.
Content that tender Heart of thine;
He'll be the care of *Caroline*.

Who thus instructs the Royal Race,
Can't fail of some distinguish'd Place.

Mamma, if you were Queen, says he,
And such a Book were writ for me;
I find, 'tis so much to your Taste,
That *Gay* wou'd keep his Coach at least.
My Child, What you suppose is true:
I see its Excellence in You.

Poets

A T A L E

Poets, who write to mend the Mind,
A Royal Recompence shou'd find.

But I am barr'd, by Fortune's Frowns,
From the best Privilege of Crowns.

The Glorious Godlike Pow'r to bless,
And raise up Merit in Distress.

But, dear Mamma, I long to know,
Were you the Queen what you'd bestow.

What I'd bestow, says she, my Dear,
At least a thousand Pound a Year.

INTRO



INTRODUCTION TO THE F A B L E S.

The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

REmote from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain,
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and pen'd the fold,

His

Introduction to the Fables.

His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew ;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning ? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil ?
Hast thou old *Greece* and *Rome* survey'd,
And the vast sense of *Plato* weigh'd ?
Hath *Socrates* thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd *Tully's* mind ?
Or, like the wise *Ulysses*, thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws and manners weigh'd ?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd,
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts ;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes :
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know ?

The

Introduction to the Fables.

The little knowledge, I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.

Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?

My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind;

I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy *Tray*.

In constancy, and nuptial love

I learn my duty from the dove.

The hen, who from the chilly air

With pious wing protects her care,

And ev'ry fowl that flies at large

Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule

To shun contempt and ridicule.

I never with important air

In conversation overbear;

Can grave and formal pass for wise,

When men the solemn owl despise?

My tongue within my lips I rein,

For who talks much must talk in vain;

We

Introduction to the Fables.

We from the wordy torrent fly :
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye ?
Nor would I with felonious sleight
By stealth invade my neighbour's right ;
Rapacious animals we hate :
Kites, hawks and wolves deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind ?
But envy, calumny and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation,
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the Sage replies,
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise ;
Pride often guides an author's pen,
Books as affected are as men,
But he who studies nature's laws
From certain truth his maxims draws,
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good and wise.

TO HIS HIGHNESS
WILLIAM,
Duke of Cumberland.



FABLE I.

The Lyon, the Tiger, and the Traveller.

ACcept, young PRINCE, the moral lay,
And in these tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.

B

Princes,

Princes, like Beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of truth :
Learn to contemn all praise betimes ;
For flattery's the nurse of crimes ;
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown,
(A virtue never near a throne ;)
In courts such freedom must offend,
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station
Each courtier is a dedication ;
Must I too flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest ?
The muse disdains to steal from those,
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says ?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your Royal race,
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you gen'rous, mild and kind,
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain.
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.

True.

True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your Sire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way;
The prostrate game a Lyon spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws distil with blood,
Till, vanquish'd by the Lyon's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The Man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd;
His life the gen'rous hero gave.
Together walking to his Cave,
The Lyon thus bespoke his guest.

What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? You saw the fight,
And must attest my pow'r and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home
My starving slaves at distance roam,
Within these woods I reign alone,
The boundless forest is my own;
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood
Have dy'd the regal den with blood;

These carcases on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.

True, says the Man, the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe;
But shall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
Be lov'd. Let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts;
Pirates their power by murders gain,
Wise kings by love and mercy reign;
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne;
Heav'n gives you power above the rest,
Like heav'n to succour the distress.

The case is plain, the Monarch said;
False glory hath my youth misled,
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatt'ers of my reign.
You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree
That human heroes rule like me.

F A B L E



FABLE II.

The Spaniel and the Cameleon.

A Spaniel, bred with all the care
 That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
 Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
 Indulg'd to disobey command,
 In pamper'd ease his hours were spent;
 He never knew what learning meant;
 Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
 Were sure to win his lady's heart,

B 3

Each

Each little mischief gain'd him praise ;
How pretty were his fawning ways !

The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air ;
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground ;
When near him a *cameleon* seen
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host,
What live with clowns, a genius lost !
To cities and the court repair,
A fortune cannot fail thee there ;
Preferment shall thy talents crown.
Believe me, friend ; I know the town.

Sir, says the sycophant, like you,
Of old, politer life I knew ;
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
King's lean'd their ear to what I said,
My whisper always met success,
The ladies prais'd me for address,
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd ev'ry vice in fashion.
But *Jove*, who hates the lyar's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days,
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature ;
Doom'd

Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene.
For *Jove* the heart alone regards,
He punishes what man rewards.
How diff'rent is thy case and mine!
With men at least you sup and dine,
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.



FABLE III.

The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

Give me a son. The blessing sent,
 Were ever parents more content?
 How partial are their doating eyes!
 No child is half so fair and wise.

Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
 The Mother rose, and sought her heir;

She

She saw the Nurse, like one possest,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.

Sure some disaster has befall,
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well.

Dear Madam, think not me to blame,
Invisible the Fairy came,

Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid;

Where are the father's mouth and nose,
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?

See here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in ev'ry feature.

The woman's blind, the Mother cries,
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.

Lord! Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light,
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.

Whence sprung the vain conceited lye
That we the world with fools supply?

What! give our sprightly race away,
For the dull helpless sons of clay!

Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you, we doat upon our own.

Where yet was ever found a mother,
 Who'd give her booby for another?
 And should we change with human breed,
 Well might we pass for fools indeed.



FABLE IV.

The Eagle, and the Assembly of Animals.

AS Jupiter's all-seeing eye
 Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
 From this small speck of earth were sent
 Murmurs and sounds of discontent;

For

For ev'ry thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.

Jove call'd his Eagle. At the Word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies;
Why this disorder? say the cause:
For just are *Jove's* eternal Laws.
Let each his discontent reveal.
To you four dog I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the hound replies.
On what fleet nerves the greyhound flies!
While I with weary step and slow
O'er plains and vales and mountains go;
The morning sees my chace begun,
Nor ends it 'till the setting sun.

When (says the greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view,
Beyond my Sight the prey's secure:
The hound is slow, but always sure.
And, had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The

The lyon crav'd the fox's art ;
The fox, the lyon's force and heart ;
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong and light ;
The pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the cock's matchless valour priz'd :
The fishes wish'd to graze the plain,
The beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of heav'n then cry'd aloud.
Jove bids disperse the num'rous croud :
The God rejects your idle pray'rs.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature ?
What, silent all, and none consent !
Be happy then, and learn content.
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

FABLE



FABLE V.

The Wild Boar and the Ram.

A Gainst an elm a sheep was ty'd;
 The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
 The patient flock, in silent fright,
 From far beheld the horrid sight;
 A savage Boar, who near them stood,
 Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood:
 All cowards shou'd be serv'd like you.
 See, see, your murd'rer is in view;

With

With purple hands and reeking knife
He strips the skin yet warm with life :
Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs.
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is base.

I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes,
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame,
Insensible of ev'ry ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, Those who violence pursue
Give to themselves the vengeance due,
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war ;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.

FABLE



FABLE VI.

The Miser and Plutus.

THE wind was high ; the window shakes,
 With sudden start the Miser wakes,
 Along the silent room he stalks,
 Looks back and trembles as he walks,
 Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
 In ev'ry creek and corner pries,
 Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.

But

But now, with sudden qualms possest,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast,
 By conscience stung he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares.

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
 This Heart had known sweet peace of mind.
 But virtue's sold. Good Gods, what price
 Can recompence the pangs of vice!
 O bane of good! seducing cheat!
 Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
 Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
 And only left the name behind;
 Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
 Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill;
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts,
 In treachery's more pernicious arts:
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
 Virtue resides on earth no more!

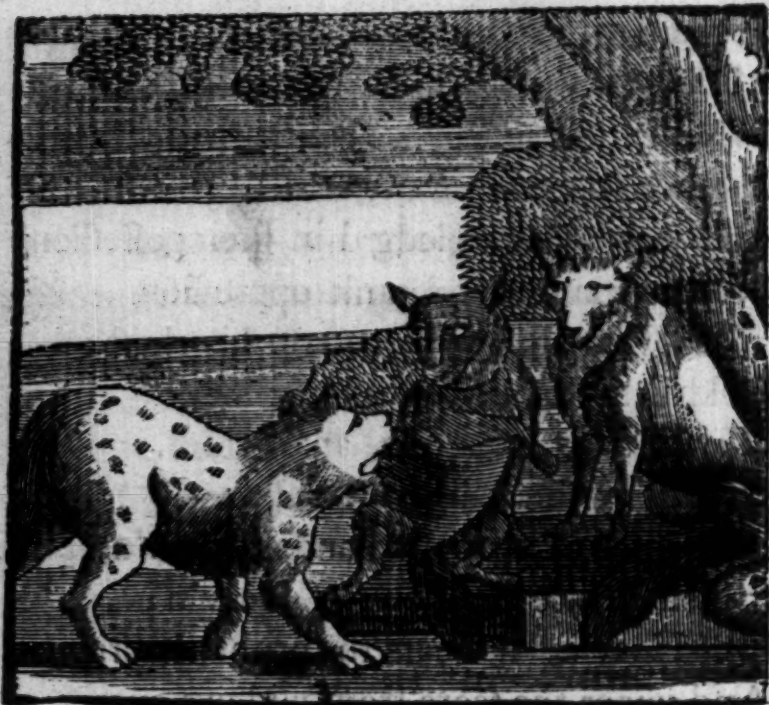
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his God, before him stood;
 The Miser trembling lock'd his chest,
 The vision frown'd, and thus addrest.

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant?
 Each sordid rascal's daily cant:
 Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?
 The fault's in thy rapacious mind.

Because.

Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curst, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade,
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis giv'n,
It blesses, like the dews of Heav'n;
Like Heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravoës then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

F A B L E



FABLE VII.

The Lyon, the Fox and the Geese.

A Lyon, tir'd with State affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife) [cares,
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim'd; the day was set;
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was Viceroy nam'd. The croud
To the new regent humbly bow'd:

Wolves,

Wolves, bears and mighty tigers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He strait assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face,
The croud admire his wit, his sense,
Each word hath weight and consequence ;
The flatt'rer all his art displays :
He who hath pow'r is sure of praise.
A fox step'd forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng addrest.

How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honest school !
What clemency his temper sways !
How uncorrupt are all his ways !
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land ;
His brain hath stratagem and art,
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation,
Under this good administration !

He said. A Goose who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood.

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise ! what mighty commendation !
But 'twas a fox that spoke th'oration.

Foxes.

Foxes this government may prize
As gentle, plentiful and wise ;
If they enjoy these sweets, 'tis plain,
We geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now shall fill our race !
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on geese both noon and night.

FABLE



FABLE VIII.

The Lady and the Wasp.

WHat whispers must the beauty bear!
 What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
 Where-e'er her eyes dispense their charms
 Impertinence around her swarms.
 Did not the tender nonsense strike,
 Contempt and scorn might look dislike,
 Forbidding airs might thin the place,
 The slightest flap a fly can chase.

But

But who can drive the num'rous breed ?
Chase one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool, must know his brother ;
One fop will recommend another ;
And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.

As *Doris*, at her toilette's duty,
Sate meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy wasp around her flies,
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires :
Her fan in vain defends her charms,
Swift he returns, again alarms,
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip and sipt the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good Gods, she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies !
Of all the plagues that heav'n has sent
A wasp is most impertinent.

The hov'ring insect thus complain'd.
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd ?

Can

F A B L E S.

Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breath perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue,
The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, *Jenny*, *Doris* cries,
Nor murder wasps, like vulgar flies,
For though he's free (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstasies away he posts,
Where-e'er he came the favour boasts,
Braggs how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew,
Sure of success away they flew;
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play,
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast,
Nor were they banish'd, till she found
That wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

F A B L E

FABLES.



FABLE IX.

The Bull and the Mastiff.

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy?
 Each caution, ev'ry care employ,
 And ere you venture to confide,
 Let his preceptor's heart be try'd;
 Weigh well his manners, life, and scope,
 On these depend thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
 A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,

A Mastiff

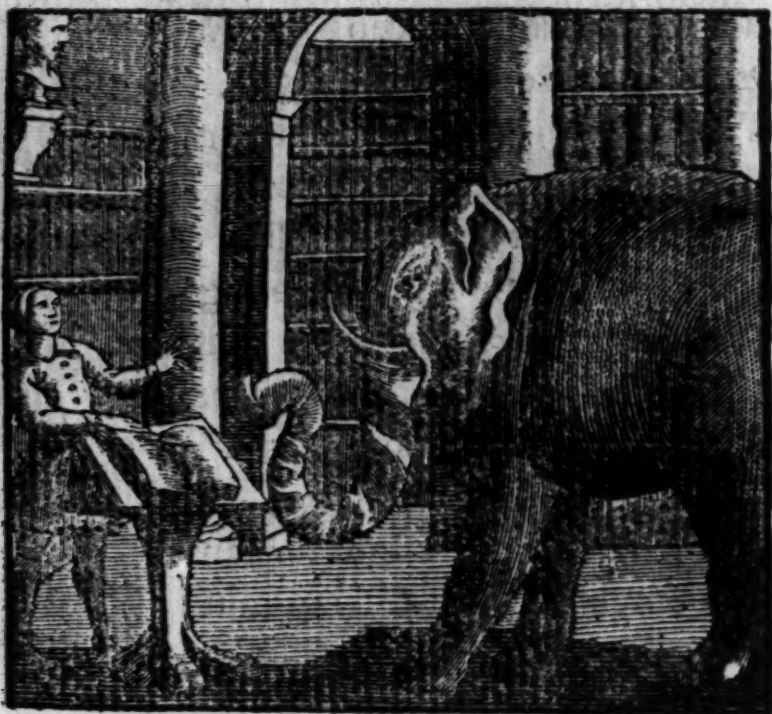
A Mastiff pass'd ; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls shot indignant fire,
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.

Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud. Suspend the fight,
In a whole skin, go, sleep to night ;
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage ?
Is it ambition fires your breast,
Or avarice that ne'er can rest ?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of Kings.

The surly Mastiff thus returns.
Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame :
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd,
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer or to bleed.

Curst dog, the Bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore,
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view,)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.

Take then thy fate. With goring wound
 At once he lifts him from the ground,
 Aloft the sprawling heroë flies,
 Mangled he falls, he howls and dies.



FABLE X.

The Elephant and the Bookseller.

TH E man, who with undaunted toils
 Sails unknown seas to unknown foils,
 With various wonders feasts his sight :
 What stranger wonders does he write!

We

We read, and in description view
Creatures which *Adam* never knew ;
For, when we risque no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange ; yet may be true.
Who doubts that elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd ?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts ;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hang-man's fees,
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To *Pliny's* ancient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed !
Who now (like them) the *Greek* can read ?

As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er,
Not like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding ;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,

Were ev'ry beast and bird portray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd.
Their natures and their powers were writ,
With all the pow'r of human wit;
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.

Man with strong reason is endow'd;
A Beast scarce instinct is allow'd:
But let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the diff'rent natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A Dog proficient in the trade!
He, the chief flatt'rer nature made!
Go, man, the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still may learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure, or his wonder?
From courtiers tricks, and lawyers arts
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lyon, wolf, and tiger's brood
He curses, for their thirst of blood;

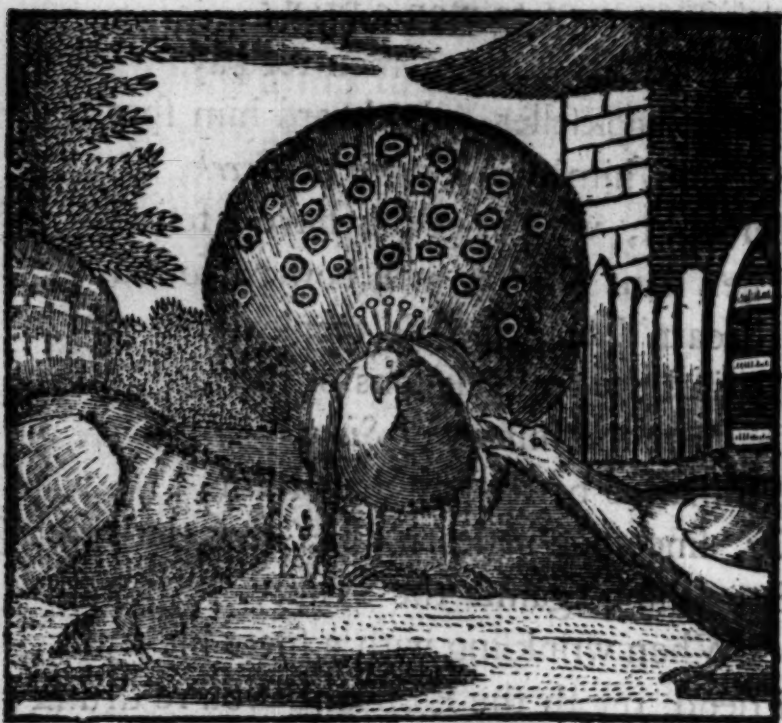
But

But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.

The bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of *Greek*,
Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus addrest with bow profound.

Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of *Siam*,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, since you're learn'd in *Greek*, let's see
Something against the Trinity.

When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;
E'en keep your money, and be wise;
Leave man on man to criticise,
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men:
They unprovok'd will court the fray,
Envy's a sharper spur than pay;
No author ever spar'd a brother,
Wits are game-cocks to one another.



FABLE XI.

The Peacock, the Turkey, and Goose.

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow,
The smallest speck is seen on snow.

As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the poultry fed ;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry :

He

He conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit,
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes,
Which, like the heav'n's o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes;
The circling rays and varied light
At once confound their dazled sight,
On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.

Mark, with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,
The turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain!
But were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkies have the whiter skin.

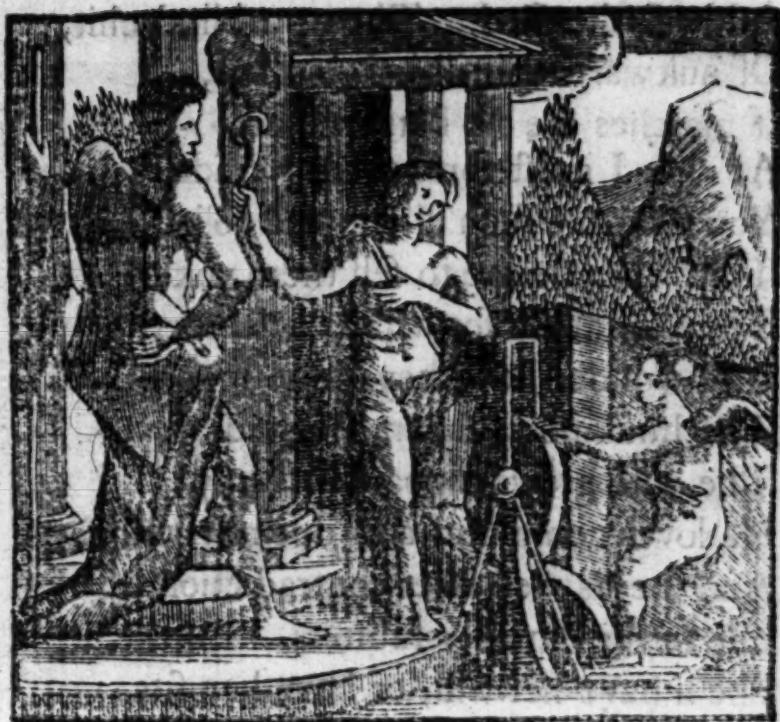
From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
And next was heard the hissing Goose.
What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws.
Then, what a horrid squalling throat!
Ev'n owls are frightened at the note.

True these are faults, the peacock cries,
My scream, my shanks you may despise:
But such blind critics rail in vain.
What, overlook my radiant train!

Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
 The turkey or the goose support,
 And did ye scream with harsher sound,
 Those faults in you had ne'er been found:
 To all apparent beauties blind,
 Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

Thus in Assemblies have I seen
 A nymph of brightest charms and mien
 Wake envy in each ugly face;
 And buzzing scandal fills the place.

FABLE



FABLE XII.

Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.

AS *Cupid* in *Cythera's* grove
 Employ'd the lesser powers of love,
 Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
 Some give the taper shaft its wing,
 Or turn the polish'd quiver's mold,
 Or head the darts with temper'd gold.

Amidst their toil and various care,
 Thus *Hymen*, with assuming air,

Address the God. Thou purblind chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are no better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's fullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction;
She never slavishly submits,
She'll have her will, or have her fits;
He this way tugs, she t'other draws,
The man grows jealous, and with cause,
Nothing can save him but divorce,
And here the wife complies of course.

When, says the Boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly spend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts;
For settlements the lawyer's feed;
Is my hand witness to the Deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at *Plutus*, not at me.

Plutus

Plutus appear'd, and said ; 'Tis true,
In marriage, gold is all their view ;
They seek not beauty, wit or sense,
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can *Belinda* blame her fate ?
She only ask'd a great estate.

Doris was rich enough, 'tis true,
Her lord must give her title too ;
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

F A B L E



FABLE XIII.

The tame Stag.

AS a young Stag the thicket past,
 The branches held his antlers fast,
 A clown, who saw the captive hung,
 Across the horns his halter flung.

Now, safely hamper'd in the cord,
 He bore the present to his lord :
 His lord was pleas'd : as was the clown,
 When he was tipt with half-a crown.

The

The stag was brought before his wife,
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How sleek's the skin! how speck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was so charming!

At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fixt amaze
And distant awe presumes to gaze,
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines;
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed;
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands,
Examines ev'ry fift for meat,
And though repuls'd, disdains retreat,
Attacks again with levell'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, scorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a red-coat is in sight,
Behind the door she hides her face,
Next time at distance eyes the lace;
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand:
She plays familiar in his arms,
And ev'ry soldier hath his charms;

From

From tent to tent she spreads her flame :
For custom conquers fear and shame.



FABLE XIV.

The Monkey who had seen the World.

A Monkey, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes ;
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home :
So forth he fares, all toil defies :
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At

At length the treach'rous snare was laid,
Poor *Pug* was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold; (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day,
The toilette calls; with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd,
Like *Orpheus* burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey weal;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress,
Some praise his sleeve, and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat,
His dapper periwig commending
With the black tail behind depending,
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow;

But

But all, with envy and desire,
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries,
I come to make a nation wise;
Weigh your own worth; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men and learnt their ways:
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? In flatt'ry deal,
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal;
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends;
Stint not to truth the flow of wit,
Be prompt to lye, whene'er 'tis fit;
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit;
Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend;
I knew the Great. Observe me right,
So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.

Now warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite,

And

And fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores and swears,
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.



FABLE



FABLE XV.

The Philosopher and the Pheasants.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
 Through the deep forest took his way;
 Drawn by the musick of the groves,
 Along the winding gloom he roves;
 From tree to tree, the warbling throats
 Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
 But where he past he terror threw,
 The song broke short, the warblers flew,
 The

The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his sight;
All animals before him ran
To shun the hateful sight of man.

Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature?
Fly they our figure or our nature?

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious step he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view:
High on the branch a pheasant stood,
Around her all the list'ning brood,
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care exprest.

No dangers here shall circumvent,
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than man; of animals the worst;
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.

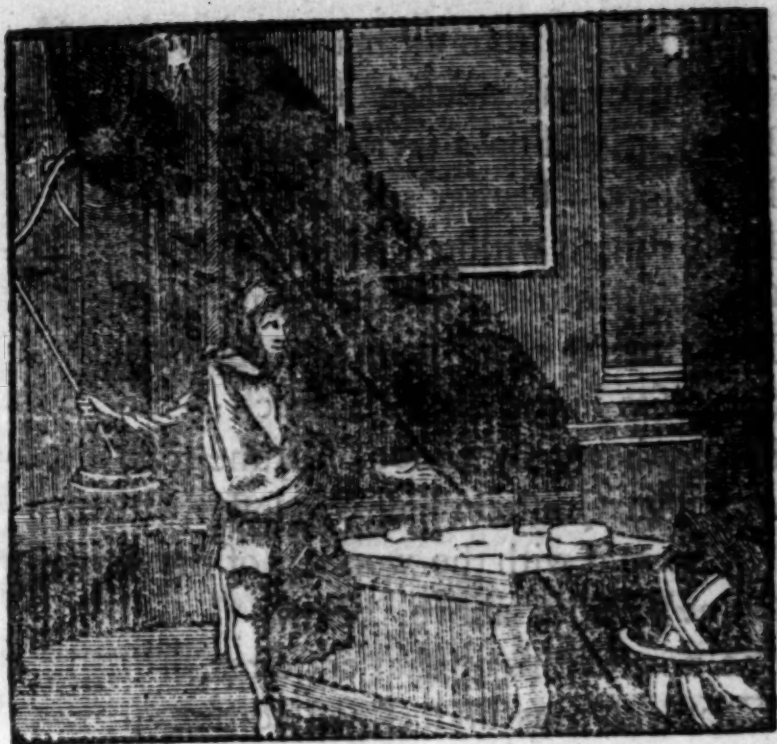
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd,
To guard his health, and serve his pride;
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.

The swarms, who with industrious skill,
Their hives with wax and honey fill,

In

In vain whole summer days employ'd,
Their stores are sold, their race destroy'd,
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this gen'ral use?
He takes the quills and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways,
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we pheasants must be spitted.

FABLE



FABLE XVI.

The Pin and the Needle.

A Pin who long had serv'd a Beauty,
 Proficient in the toilette's duty,
 Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
 Or giv'n her knot a smarter air,
 Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
 Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd,
 But could she partial fortune blame,
 Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?

At

At length from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she past ;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm,
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat,
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach ;
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gresham hall was lost.

Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On ev'ry side, above, below,
She now of this or that enquires,
What least was understood admires ;
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray what's this and this, dear sir ?
A needle, says th' interpreter.
She knew the name. And thus the fool
Address'd her as a taylor's tool.

A needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown !
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstress in her arts.
But tell me how the friendship grew
-Between that paultry flint and you ?

Friend

Friend, says the needle, cease to blame ;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'st thou the loadstone's pow'r and art,
That virtue virtues can impart ?
Of all his talents I partake.
Who then can such a friend forsake ?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand ;
By me the distant world is known,
And either *India* is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been ? the guide of thread,
And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,
Of no more consequence than you.

FABLE



FABLE XVII.

The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,
 Ravag'd the plains and thinn'd the fold:
 Deep in the wood secure he lay,
 The thefts of night regal'd the day;
 In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
 Had spread the toils and watch'd the snare,
 In vain the dog pursu'd his pace,
 The fleeter robber mock'd the chace.

As

As *Lightfoot* rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

Let us awhile the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend.

A truce, replies the Wolf? 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.

How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lyon's blood;
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt:
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.

Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh
Nature design'd us beasts of prey,
As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary wolves should eat.
If mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech,
To him repeat the moving speech;
A wolf eats sheep but now and then,
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

D

F A B L E



FABLE XVIII.

The Painter who pleases No body and Every body.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
 Keep probability in view.
 The trav'ler, leaping o'er those bounds,
 The credit of his book confounds;
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed
 Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.
 But flatt'ry never seems absurd,
 The flatter'd always take your word,
 Impossibleities

Impossibilities seem just,
They take the strongest praise on trust;
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flatt'ry, with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid,
He gave each muscle all its strength,
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd,
Truth should not always be reveal'd;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.

Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
As *Venus*' and *Apollo*'s face,
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,
Whoever sate, he drew from these,
From these corrected ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,

My lord appear'd, and seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of *Greece*,
Of *Titian's* tints, of *Guido's* air;
Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there
Might well a *Raphael's* hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features fraught with sense and wit
You'll grant are very hard to hit,
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.

Observe the work. My lord reply'd,
'Till now I thought my mouth was wide,
Besides, my nose is somewhat long,
Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young.

Oh, pardon me, the artist cry'd,
In this we painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like.

My lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
A lady came, with borrow'd grace
He from his *Venus* form'd her face,
Her lover prais'd the painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!

To

To ev'ry age some charm he lent,
Ev'n Beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.



FABLE XIX.

The Lyon, and the Cub.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
 Who court it from the mean and base!
 These cannot bear an equal nigh,
 But from superior merit fly;
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke;
 There o'er some petty club preside,
 So poor, so poultry is their Pride!

Nay,

Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will fit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.

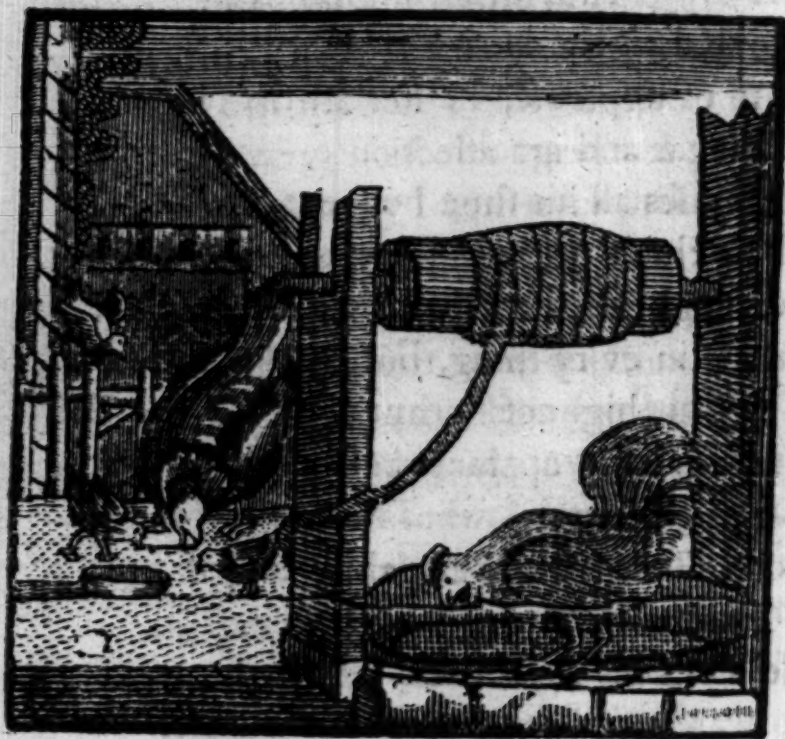
A Lyon-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lyon kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts,
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks and airs:
An ass in ev'ry thing, but ears!
If e'er his highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke:
But at each word what shouts of praise!
Good Gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to shew his parts,
His highness brays, the Lyon starts.

Puppy, that curst vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation;
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe, the Cub replies?
Our senate always held me wise.

How weak is pride, returns the Sire,
 All fools are vain, when fools admire!
 But know, what stupid asses prize,
 Lyons and noble beasts despise.



FABLE XX.

The old Hen and the Cock.

Restrain your child; you'll soon believe
 The text, which says, we sprung from *Eve*.
 As an old Hen led forth her Train,
 And seem'd to peck to show the grain;
 She

She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met; her son she knew,
And in her heart affection grew.

My son, says she, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares;
I see you vig'rous, strong and bold,
I hear with joy your triumphs told;
'Tis not from cocks thy fate I dread:
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; that fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.
Print this my council on thy breast;
To the just Gods I leave the rest.

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey,
And every time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law,
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

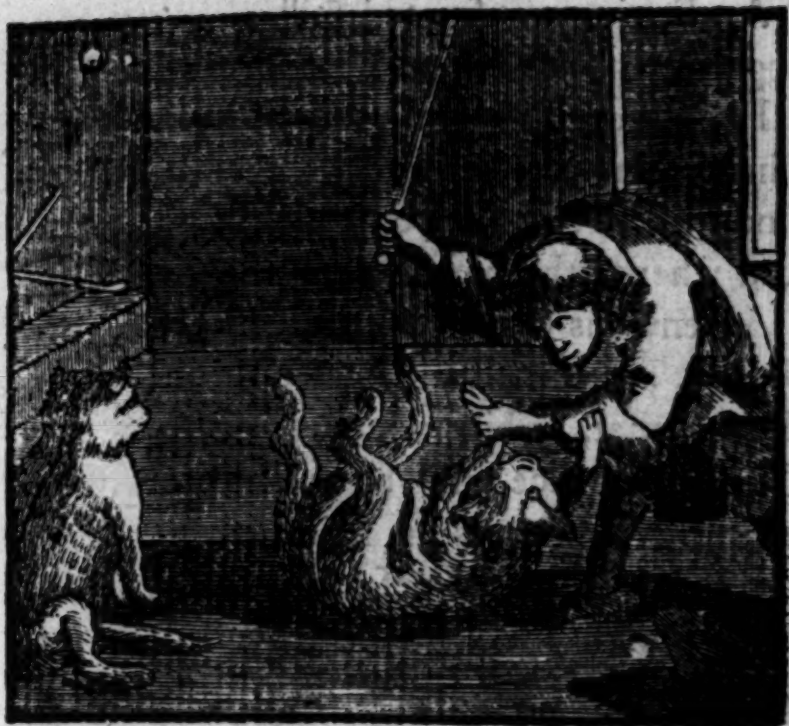
Why was this idle charge? he cries:
Let courage female fears despise.

Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harvest store the place,
A Treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event.

Thus said. He mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretch'd his neck, and from below
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe;
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears;
Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew,
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But when the wat'ry death he found,
He thus lamented, as he drown'd.

I ne'er had been in this condition
But for my mother's prohibition.

FABLE



FABLE XXI.

The Rat-catcher and Cats.

TH E rats by night such mischief did,
 Betty was ev'ry morning chid:
 They undermin'd whole sides of bacon.
 Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken,
 Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
 Were all demolish'd and laid waste.
 She curs'd the cat for want of duty,
 Who left her foes a constant booty.

An.

An Engineer, of noted skill,
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways,
Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
And whence the nightly sally's made.

An envious Cat, from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace,
She saw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone,
So, secretly removes his baits,
And ev'ry stratagem defeats.
Again he sets the poyson'd toils,
And puffs again the labour foils.

What foe (to frustrate my designs)
My schemes thus nightly countermines?
Incens'd, he cries: this very hour
The wretch shall bleed beneath my pow'r.

So said. A pond'rous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor puffs was caught.

Smuggler, says he, thou shalt be made,
A victim to our loss of trade.

The captive cat with piteous mews
For Pardon, life, and freedom sues.
A sister of the science spare,
One int'rest is our common care.

What

What insolence! the man reply'd,
Shall cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
We rat-catchers might raise our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!

A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life.
In ev'ry age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;
Squire stigmatizes squire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And scandal pelts each other's charms;
Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own.
But let us limit our desires,
Nor war like beauties, kings and squires,
For though we both one prey pursue,
There's game enough for us and you.



FABLE XXII.

The Goat without a Beard.

TIS certain, that the modish passions
 Descend among the croud, like fashions.
 Excuse me then; if pride, conceit,
 (The manners of the fair and great)
 I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
 Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies and hogs.
 I say, that these are proud. What then?
 I never said, they equal men.

A Goat

A Goat (as vain as goat could be)
Affected singularity :

Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd, o'er his image in the flood.

I hate my frowzy beard, he cries;
My youth is lost in this disguise,
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this rev'rend figure.

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.

A flippanant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess the dapper art ;

His pole with pewter basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold art explain,

Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein,

The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair ;

Mouth, nose and cheek the lather hides,
Light, smooth and swift the razor glides.

I hope your custom, Sir, says pug.
Sure never face was half so smug!

The

The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws;
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.

Heighday! what's here? without a beard!
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?

When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn,
Are beards by civil nations worn?
Ev'n *Muscovites* have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal *Capuchins*,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mocked along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?

Were you no more with goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,
Replies a bearded chief. Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? affected fool!
Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.



FABLE XXIII.

The old Woman and her Cats.

WHO friendship with a knave hath made
 Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
 The matron, who conducts abroad
 A willing nymph, is thought a bawd ;
 And if a modest girl is seen
 With one that cures a lover's spleen,
 We guess her, not extremely nice,
 And only wish to know her price.

'Tis

'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoky flame
Sate hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins embost,
Upon her knees her weight sustains
While palsy shook her crazy brains;
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd scold of fourscore years.
About her swarm'd a num'rous brood
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.

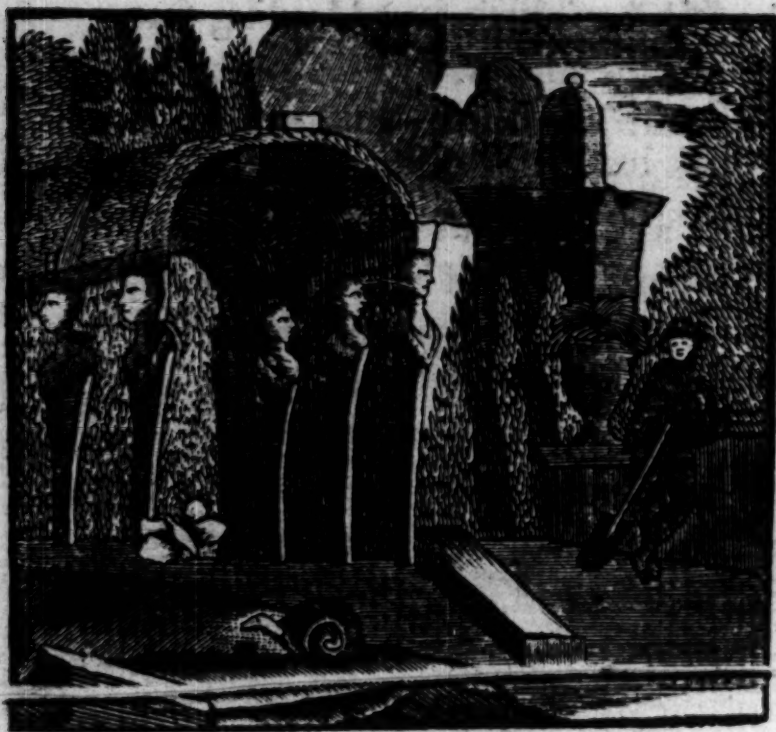
Teaz'd with her cries her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd. Hence, ye crew.
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurst
I, for a witch, had ne'er been curst.
To you I owe, that crouds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;
Straws laid across my pace retard, [guard)
The horse-shoe's nail'd (each threshold's
The stunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;

They

They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And bid me show my secret teat.

To hear you prate would vex a saint,
Who hath most reason of complaint?
Replies a Cat. Let's come to proof:
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd, as beasts of chace.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys against our lives combine,
Because, 'tis said, your cats have nine.

FABLE



FABLE XXIV.

The Butterfly and the Snail.

ALL upstarts insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the sun-shine of the morn,
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sate proudly perking on a rose;
With pert conceit his bosom glows,

His

His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet and gold,
Wide he displays ; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, a slimy trail
Crawls o'er the grass ; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries :

What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermine of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race,
So purge thy garden from disgrace.

What arrogance! the snail reply'd ;
How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain ;
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flowers.

Since

Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base, in sordid guise array'd ;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train,
And from your spider bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend ;
Snail was I born, and snail shall end.
And what's a butterfly ? at best,,
He's but a caterpillar drest :
And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

FABLE



FABLE XXV.

The Scold and the Parrot.

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife.
 Who deals in slander, lives in strife.
 Art thou the herald of disgrace,
 Denouncing war to all thy race?
 Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
 Which spares not friend, nor sex, nor age?
 That vixen tongue of yours, my dear,
 Alarms our neighbours far and near;

Good

Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er-tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like fame, it gathers strength by going.

Heighday! the flippant tongue replies,
How solemn is the fool! how wise!
Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong.

Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts and nieces,
She ran the parrot's language o'er;
Bawd, hussy, drunkard, flattern, whore,
On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds;
All join their forces to confound her,
Puss spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults,
The magpye blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke out-scream'd her rage.

A parrot

A parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd ;
She, who attacks another's honour,
Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.
Think, madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues ;
One slander must ten thousand get,
The world with interest pays the debt.

E F A B L E



FABLE XXVI.

The Cur and the Mastiff.

A Sneaking Cur, the master's spy,
 Rewarded for his daily lye,
 With secret jealousies and fears
 Set all together by the ears.
 Poor puss to-day was in disgrace,
 Another cat supply'd her place ;
 The hound was beat, the mastiff chid,
 The monkey was the room forbid,

Each

Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid;
The thief with love seduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the Cur, and stroak'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread.
He next the Mastiff's honour try'd,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd;
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the cur; with indignation
The master took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curst, he cries,
And round his neck the halter ties.

The Dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited dogs confronting stand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cry'd.
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treach'ry can be just,
Take not informers words on trust;
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay;
And you and me by turns betray.

He spoke. And all the truth appear'd.
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.



F A B L E XXVII.

The Sick Man and the Angel.

IS there no hope? the sick Man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave, with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping breath,
I feel the chilling wound of death.

Since

Since I must bid the world adieu ;
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade ;
'Tis self-defence in each profession.
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs,
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail ;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends :
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown.
An Angel came. Ah friend, he cry'd,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes ?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days ?

A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour;
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such haste, the sick man whines,
Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs?
Perhaps I may recover still.

That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heav'n was gain;
From ev'ry side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right,
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why such haste? so groan'd and dy'd.



FABLE XXVII.

The Persian, the Sun and the Cloud.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
 Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires?
 When envy reads the nervous lines,
 She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines,
 Her hissing snakes with venom swell,
 She calls her venal train from hell,
 The servile fiends her nod obey,
 And all *Curl's* authors are in pay.

E 4

Fame

Fame calls up calumny and spite.
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of day,
With heart devout a *Persian* lay ;
His invocation thus begun.

Parent of light, all-seeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whose rays dispence
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year.

A cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung,
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.

Weak is this gawdy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine ;
Shall I nor vows, nor incense know ?
Where praise is due the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the *Persian* mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd.

It was that God, who claims my prayer,
Who gave thee birth and rais'd thee there.
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown.
A passing gale, a puff of wind
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The

The gale arose ; the vapour toft
 (The sport of winds) in air was loft ;
 The glorious orb the day refines.
 Thus Envy breaks, thus Merit shines.



F A B L E XXIX.

The Fox at the point of death.

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
 Weak, sick and faint, expiring lay ;
 All appetite had left his maw,
 And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.

E. 5

His

His num'rous race around him stand
To learn their dying fire's command;
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone.

Ah sons, from evil ways depart,
My crimes lye heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?

The hungry foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here:
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O gluttons, says the drooping fire;
Restrain inordinate desire;
Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old-age, (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.

Would

Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein ;
So live in credit and esteem,
And, the good-name you lost, redeem.

The counsel's good, a fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think, what our ancestors have done ;
A line of thieves from son to son ;
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd,
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark ! I hear a hen that clocks)
Go, but be moderate in your food ;
A chicken too might do me good.



FABLE XXX.

The Setting-dog and the Partridge.

THE ranging Dog the stubble tries,
 And searches ev'ry breeze that flies ;
 The scent grows warm ; with cautious fear
 He creeps, and points the covey near.
 The men in silence, far behind,
 Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A Partridge, with experience wise,
 The fraudful preparation spies,

She

She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey springs, and seeks the wood ;
But ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping spaniel cries.

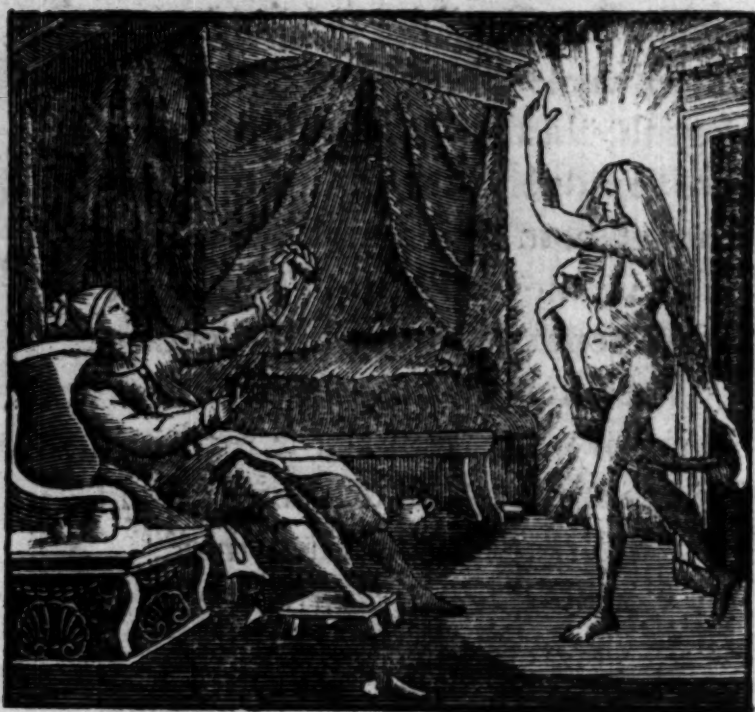
Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace,
Dogs should disown thee of their race !
For if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts,
And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were gen'rous foes or real friends.

When thus the Dog with scornful smile,
Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile,
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind ;
How ign'rant is the rustick mind !
My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts ;
Friend sets his friend, without regard ;
And ministers his skill reward.
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
And growing favour feasts my days.

I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
The place where you were train'd and fed ;

Servants

Servants are apt, and in a trice
 Ape to a hair their master's vice.
 You came from court, you say. Adieu.
 She said, and to the covey flew.



FABLE XXXI.

The Universal Apparition.

A Rake, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
 With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd:
 Disease his tainted blood affails,
 His spirits droop, his vigour fails,

With

With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old-age, declines.

As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits,
A ghastly phantome, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began.

My name perhaps has reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth nor power
Can give the heart a chearful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Thus said, the phantome disappears.
The wary counsel wak'd his fears;
He now from all excess abstains,
With physick purifies his veins;
And to procure a sober life
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the sprite ascends,
Where'er he walks his ear attends,
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail,
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers names;
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,

Encreasing

Encreasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thoughts to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns;
But when posselt of fortune's store,
The spectre haunts him more and more,
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves and all the murd'ring crew,
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dreams, or wakes his nights.

How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Power may perhaps protect his rest;
To pow'r he rose. Again the sprite
Besets him morning, noon and night,
Talks of ambition's tott'ring seat,
How envy persecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air;
His groves, his fields amus'd his hours,
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers;
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring insects, snails and rains,
And droughts that starve the labour'd plains.
Abroad,

Abroad, at home, the spectre's there;
In vain we seek to fly from Care.

At length he thus the ghost addresseth.
Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more,
For care by right should go before.



FABLE XXXII.

The two Owls and the Sparrow.

TWO formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat.

How

How is the modern taste decay'd!
Where's the respect to wisdom paid?
Our worth the *Grecian* sages knew,
They gave our fires the honour due,
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of owls.

Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With gen'ral voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' *Athenian* bird.

Brother, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes;
Right. *Athens* was the seat of learning,
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on *Pallas'* helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit:
But now, alas, we're quite neglected,
And a pert sparrow's more respected.

A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them sooth each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat.

Who meets a fool must find conceit.
I grant, you were at *Athens* grac'd,
And on *Minerva's* helm were plac'd,
But ev'ry bird that wings the sky,
Except an owl, can tell you why.

From

From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show,
That we should never looks esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be destroy'd ;
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Pursue the ways by nature taught,
So shall ye find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care,
So shall sleek mice your chase reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.

FABLE



FABLE XXXIII.

The Courtier and Proteus.

WHene'er a courtier's out of place,
 The country shelters his disgrace;
 Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
 His house and gardens own his wealth.
 He builds new schemes, in hopes to gain
 The plunder of another reign;
 Like *Philip's* son would fain be doing,
 And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive, along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour
In projects to regain his power;
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began.

Came you from court? For in your mein
A self-important air is seen.

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, says the God, by matchless skill
I change to ev'ry shape at will;
But yet, I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.
Thus said. A snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

Know, says the Man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat,
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghil born and bred.

Sudden the God a lyon stands,
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands,

Now

Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might surprise;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each able courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace;
They play the bear's and fox's part,
Now rob by force, now steal with art;
They sometimes in the senate bray;
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practise the frauds of ev'ry shape.

So said. Upon the God he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.

Now, *Proteus*, now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprize, or what you will,
The courtier finds evasion still;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And neverforc'd to leave his lies.

FABLE



FABLE XXXIV.

The Mastiffs.

THOSE who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff, of true *English* blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food,
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And

And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end ;
He glory'd in his limping pace,
The scars of honour seam'd his face,
In ev'ry limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As, on a time, he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries,

A cudgel shall correct your manners.
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners ?
While on my dog you vent your spite ;
Sirrah, 'tis me you dare not bite.

To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vext,
Hoarse-screaming from the circled croud,
To the curst Mastiff cries aloud ;

Both *Hockley-hole* and *Mary-bone*
The combats of my dog have known ;
He ne'er, like bullies coward-hearted,
Attacks in publick, to be parted ;
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame,
Be his the honour or the shame.

Thus

Thus said, they swore and rav'd like thunder,
der,

Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder,
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,
A-while the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;
Who, worried, howl'd and sprawl'd below:
He rose; and limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.



FABLE XXXV.

The Barley-mow and the Dung-hill,

HOW many faucy airs we meet
 From *Temple-bar* to *Aldgate-street*;
 Proud rogues, who shar'd the *South-sea* prey,
 And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
 They think it mean, to condescend
 To know a brother or a friend;
 They blush to hear their mother's name,
 And by their pride expose their shame.

As

As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stop'd, and leaning on his fork
Observ'd the flail's incessant work;
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hogs he number'd o'er,
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.

A barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cry'd.

Say, good sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer;
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume
Meet objects here? Command it hence:
A thing so mean must give offence.

The humble dunghil thus reply'd.
Thy master hears and mocks thy pride,
Insult not thus the meek and low,
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;

But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation.



F A B L E XXXVI.

Pythagoras and the Countryman.

Pythag'ras rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn,
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way;
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misl'd him to a farm,

Where

Where, on the ladder's topmost round
A Peasant stood ; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there ?

The Clown with surly voice replies.
Vengeance aloud for justice cries :
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens annoy, my turkeys dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid ;
See, on the wall his wings display'd,
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find ;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuse fat the breed.

Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise,
For publick good the murd'rer dies ;
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton man devours ;
What bloody feasts regale his hours !
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite ;
When thou perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner !

Hold, cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated ?

When Heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.

Thus tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd,
Whose murders spring from pow'r and pride.

Own then this manlike kite is slain

Thy greater lux'ry to sustain ;

For * *petty rogues submit to fate*

That great ones may enjoy their state.

* *Carib's Dispensary.*

FABLE



FABLE XXXVII.

The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.

WH Y are those tears? Why droops
your head?

Is then your other husband dead?

Or does a worse disgrace betide?

Hath no one since his death apply'd?

Alas! you know the cause too well.

The salt is spilt, to me it fell.

F 4.

Then

Then to contribute to my loss,
 My knife and fork were laid across,
 On *Friday* too! the day I dread!
 Would I were safe at home in bed!
 Last night (I vow to Heav'n 'tis true)
 Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
 Next post some fatal news shall tell.
 God send my *Cornish* friends be well!
 Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
 Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
 Let not thy stomach be suspended,
 Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended,
 And when the butler clears the table
 For thy dissent I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
 A Farmer's wife to market rode,
 And, jogging on, with thoughtful care
 Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
 When, starting from her silver dream,
 Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

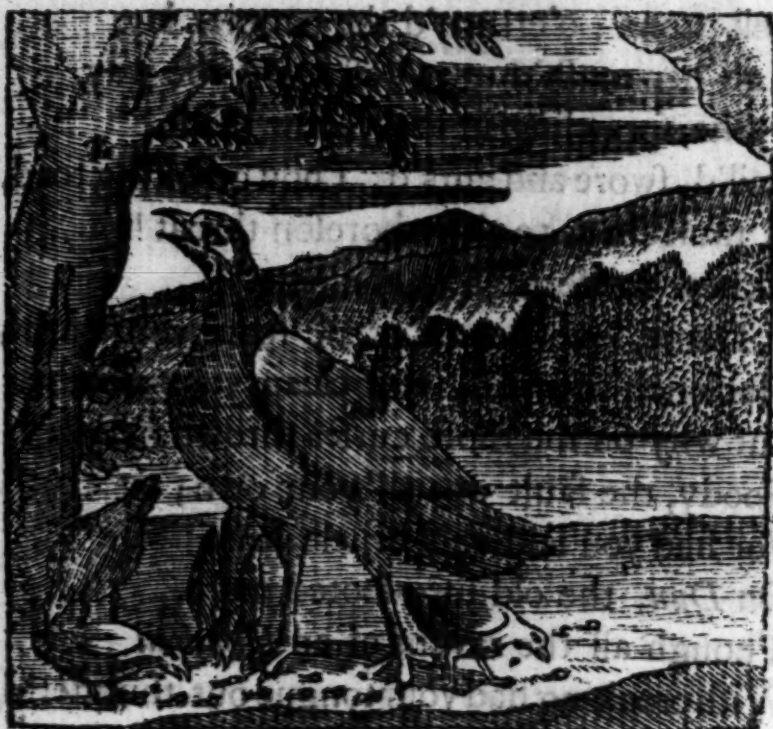
That Raven on yon left-hand oak
 (Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
 Bodes me no good. No more she said,
 When poor blind *Ball* with stumbling tread

Fell

Fell prone ; o'erturn'd the pannier lay;
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road
Rail'd, swore and curs'd. Thou croaking toad;
A murrain take thy whoreson throat !
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and clean your cloaths.
But why on me those curses thrown ?
Goody, the fault was all your own ;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On *Dun*, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the ravens of an *Hundred*
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed *Dun* had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.



FABLE XXXVIII.

The Turkey and the Ant.

IN other men we faults can spy,
 And blame the mote that dims their eye,
 Each little speck and blemish find,
 To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
 Forsook the barn and sought the wood ;
 Behind her ran her infant train,
 Collecting here and there a grain.

Drawn

Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
 This hill delicious fare supplies ;
 Behold, the busy *Negro* race,
 See, millions blacken all the place!
 Fear not. Like me with freedom eat ;
 An ant is most delightful meat.
 How blest, how envy'd were our life,
 Could we but 'scape the poult'rer's knife!
 But man, curst man on turkeys preys,
 And *Christmas* shortens all our days ;
 Sometimes with oysters we combine,
 Sometimes assist the fav'ry chine.
 From the low peasant to the lord,
 The turkey smoaks on ev'ry board.
 Sure men for gluttony are curst,
 Of the sev'n deadly sins the worst.

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
 Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech.
 Ere you remark another's sin,
 Bid thy own conscience look within.
 Controul thy more voracious bill,
 Nor for a breakfast nations kill.



FABLE XXXIX.

The Father and Jupiter.

THE Man to *Jove* his suit preferr'd !
 He begg'd a Wife; his prayer was heard;
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing.
 For how precarious is the blessing!

A wife he takes. And now for heirs
 Again he worries heav'n with prayers.

Jove

Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my Prayer,
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire,
May favour teach him to aspire,
'Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If heav'n approve, a father's blest.
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace,
In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

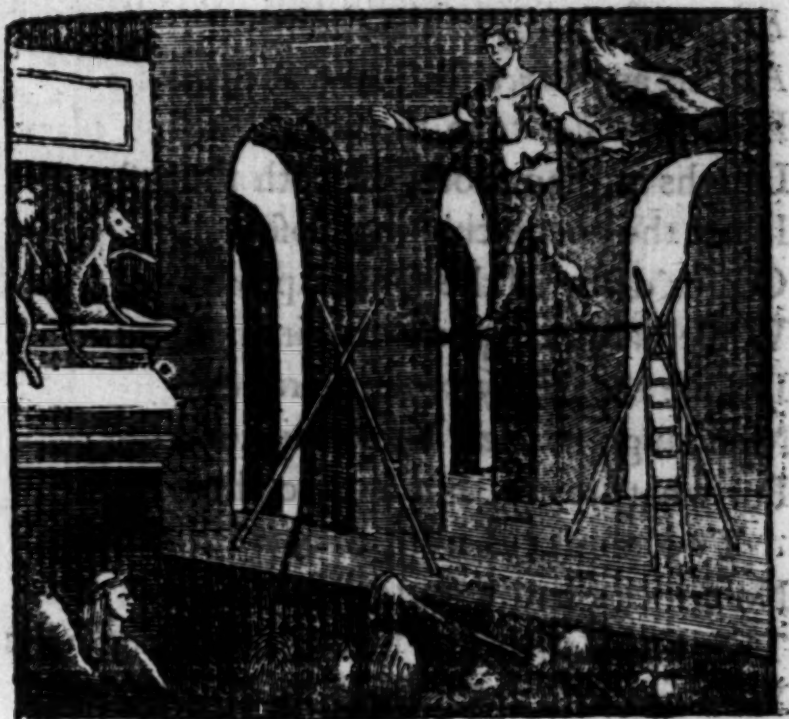
The

The next to sudden honours grew,
 The thriving art of courts he knew;
 He reach'd the heights of pow'r and place,
 Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
 His daughter's cheek, and paints her Eyes:
 The vain coquette each suit disdains,
 And glories in her lovers pains.
 With age she fades, each lover flies,
 Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When *Jove* the father's grief survey'd,
 And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
 Thus spoke the God. By outward show
 Men judge of happiness and woe:
 Shall ignorance of good and ill
 Dare to direct th' eternal will?
 Seek virtue; and of that possess;
 To Providence resign the rest.

FABLE



FABLE XL.

The two Monkeys.

THE learned, full of inward pride;
 The fops of outward show deride;
 The fop, with learning at defiance,
 Scoffs at the pedant and the science:
 The *Don*, a formal, solemn strutter;
 Despises *Monsieur's* airs and flutter;
 While *Monsieur* mocks the formal fool,
 Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.
Britain.

Britain, a medly of the twain,
 As pert as *France*, as grave as *Spain*,
 In fancy wiser than the rest,
 Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
 Is not the poet's chiming close
 Censur'd, by all the sons of prose?
 While bards of quick imagination
 Despise the sleepy prose narration.
 Men laugh at apes, they men contemn;
 For what are we, but apes to them?

Two monkeys went to *Southwark* fair,
 No criticks had a sourer air.
 They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
 Who gap'd to catch *Jack-Pudding's* jokes.
 Then took their tickets for the show,
 And got by chance the foremost row.
 To see their grave observing face
 Provok'd a laugh thro' all the place.

Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
 The rabble's monstrously ill-bred.

Now through the booth loud hisses ran;
 Nor ended 'till the Show began.

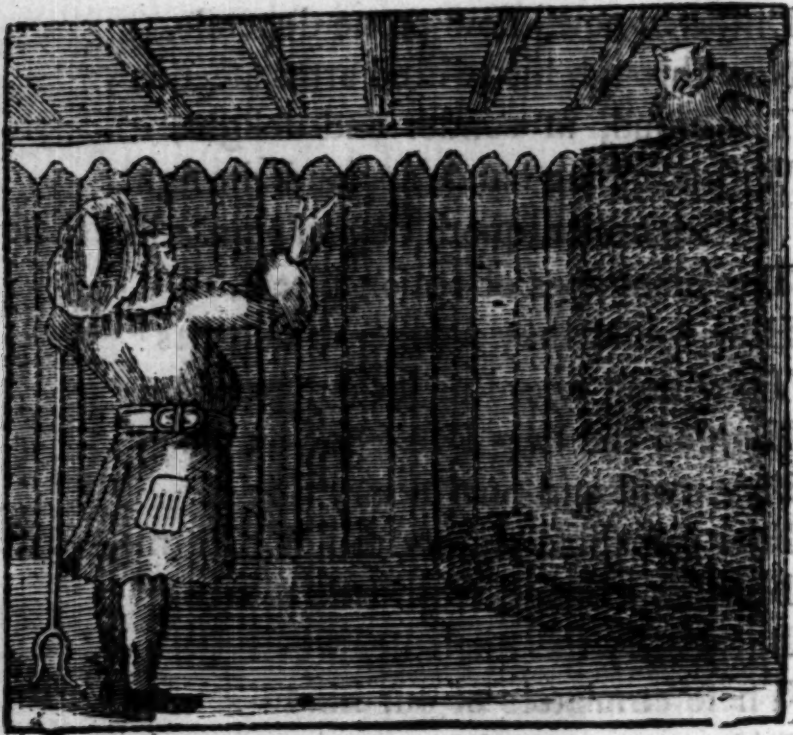
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
 With sommersets he shakes the ground!
 The cord beneath the dancer springs;
 Aloft in air the vaulter swings,

Distorted:

Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms ascends ;
The croud, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles, quoth Pug ; if pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts !
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling,
Play, twist and turn in airy ring ;
How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree ?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimicks thus reward.

Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wise.
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due ;
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride.
For how fantastick is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two !
I hate the imitating crew.



FABLE XLI.

The Owl and the Farmer.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
 Who (like the *Turk*) was seldom seen,
 Within a barn had chose his station,
 As fit for prey and contemplation:
 Upon a beam aloft he sits,
 And nods, and seems to think, by fits.
 So have I seen a man of news
 Or *Post-boy*, or *Gazette* peruse,

Smoak,

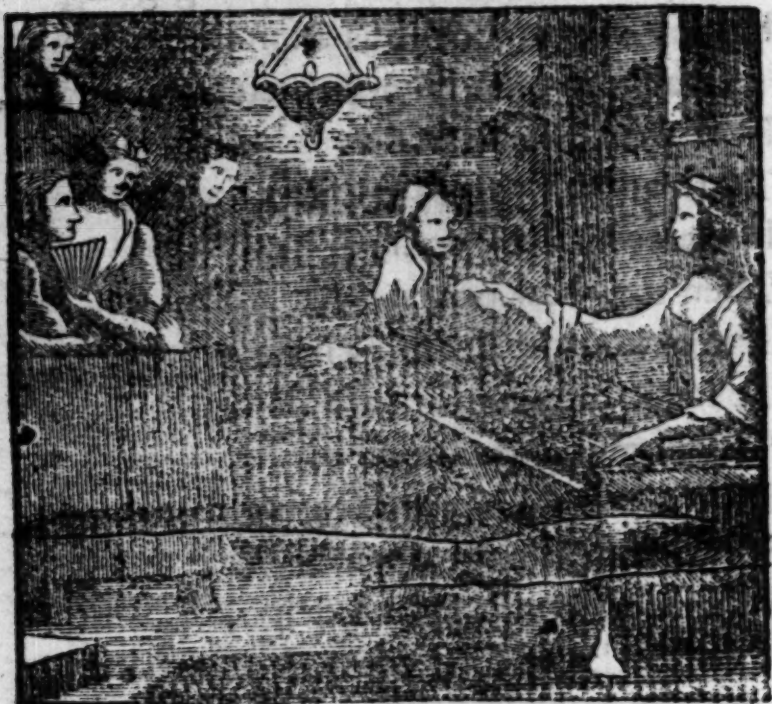
Smoak, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the state of *Europe* round.
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor :
At dawn of morn to view his store
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus exprest.

Reason in man is mere pretence :
How weak, how shallow is his sense !
To treat with scorn the bird of night,
Declares his folly or his spite ;
Then too, how partial is his praise !
The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine ;
And nightingales are all divine.
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train !
Like slaves, they croud my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind.

The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd.
Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling song ?
Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an owl.

Besides

Besides, proud blockhead, be not vain
 Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.
 Few follow wisdom or her rules,
 Fools in derision follow fools.



F A B L E XLII.

The Jugglers.

A Juggler long through all the town
 Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
 You'd think (so far his art transcends)
 The devil at his fingers ends.

Vice

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the croud
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

Is this then he so fam'd for sleight,
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight,
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'tis done.
In science I submit to none.

Thus said. The cups and balls he play'd;
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd:
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds;
His little boxes change the grain,
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair,
His fingers spread, and nothing there,
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told,
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.

This magick looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes:
Each

Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing;
See this *Bank-note*; observe the blessing:
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magick broke,
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd:
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand,
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows:
Blow here; and a church-warden blows;
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smoaks a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address;
This picture see; her shape, her breast!

What

What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her. With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills;
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command;
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch, you see,
Take ev'ry shape but Charity;
And not one thing, you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art.
Can I such matchless sleight withstand?
How practice has improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.



FABLE XLIII.

The Council of Horses.

UPON a time a neighing steed,
 Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
 With mutiny had fir'd the train,
 And spread dissention through the plain.
 On matters that concern'd the State
 The council met in grand debate.
 A cost, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
 Elate with strength and youthful fire,

In

In hafte ftept forth before the reft,
And thus the lift'ning throng addreff.

Good Gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to flav'ry and difgrace!
Shall we our fervitude retain,
Because our fires have born the chain?
Confider, friends, your ftrength and might;
'Tis conquest to affert your right.
How cumb'rous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-share through the foil,
To fweat in harnefs through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws fubmit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the fharp fpur provoke my fide?
Forbid it, Heav'n! Reject the rein,
Your fhame, your infamy difdain.
Let him the lyon firft controul,
And ftill the tyger's famifh'd groul:
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.

G

A general

A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When, lo, with grave and solemn pace
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise,
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the *Nestor* of the plain.

When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew ;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains ;
At will I crop the year's encrease,
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains ;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year ?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies !
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay ;
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain,
We share the toil and share the grain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,

Appease

Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heav'n assign'd.

The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.



FABLE XLIV.

The Hound and the Huntsman.

IMpertinence at first is born
With heedless flight, or smiles of scorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?

The morning wakes, the huntsman sounds,
 At once rush forth the joyful hounds;
 They seek the wood with eager pace,
 Through bush, through brier explore the chace;
 Now scatter'd wide they try the plain,
 And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
 What care, what industry, what pains!
 What universal silence reigns!

Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
 Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
 At once displays his babbling throat;
 The pack, regardless of the note,
 Pursue the scent; with louder strain
 He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamour flies,
 The smacking lash he smartly plies;
 His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
 The puppy thus express his moan.

I know the music of my tongue
 Long since the pack with envy stung;
 What will not spite? These bitter smarts
 I owe to my superior parts.

When puppies prate, the Huntsman cry'd,
 They shew both ignorance and pride,
 Fools may our scorn, not envy raise,
 For envy is a kind of praise.

Had

Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest;
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

G 3 FABLE



F A B L E XLV.

The Poet and the Rose.

I Hate the man who builds his name
 On ruins of another's fame.
 Thus prudes by characters o'erthrown,
 Imagine that they raise their own ;
 Thus scriblers, covetous of praise,
 Think slander can transplant the bays.
 Beauties and bards have equal pride,
 With both all rivals are decry'd.

Who

Who praises *Lesbia's* eyes and feature,
Must call her sister, aukward creature ;
For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of *May*,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.
A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing as the Muse inspir'd.

Go, Rose, my *Chloe's* bosom grace ;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never fading love !
There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die !

Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there ;
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair !
One common fate we both must prove ;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
 An angry Rose, who grew beside;
 Of all mankind you should not flout us;
 What can a poet do without us!
 In ev'ry love-song roses bloom;
 We lend you colour and perfume.
 Does it to *Chloe's* charms conduce,
 To sound her praise on our abuse?
 Must we, to flatter her, be made
 To wither, envy, pine and fade.



FABLE XLVI.

The Cur, the Horse, and the Shepherd's Dog.

THE Lad, of all-sufficient merit,
 With modesty ne'er damps his spirit,
 Presuming on his own deserts,
 On all alike his tongue exerts;
 His noisy jokes at random throws,
 And pertly spatters friends and foes;
 In wit and war the bully race
 Contribute to their own disgrace:

Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind,
Or if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A village-cur, of snappish race,
The pertest puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with musick's sweetest note ;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way ;
For not a creature pass'd along
But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears,
Away he scours, assaults his hoof,
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof ;
With shrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him 'till the village ends.

It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way ;
The Cur, with never ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing trav'ler sprung,
The horse, from scorn provok'd to ire ;
Flung backward ; rolling in the mire,

The

The puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay ;
The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus. When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate.
Thy teasing tongue had judgment ty'd,
Thou hadst not, like a puppy, dy'd.

FABLE



FABLE XLVII.

The Court of Death.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
 In all his pomp of terror sate:
 Th'attendants of his gloomy reign,
 Diseases dire, a ghastly train,
 Croud the vast court. With hollow tone
 A voice thus thunder'd from the throne,
 This night our minister we name,
 Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;

Merit

Merit shall bear this ebon wand.

All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat posselt,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addrest.

I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal,
On ev'ry slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place,
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plies,
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due.
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy :
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face
Prove my pretension to the place.

Stone urg'd his ever-growing force,
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd.
Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like *Fabius*, by delay,

Fatigue

Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack, secure though slow.

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the monarch from his throne.

Merit was ever modest known.

What, no phyfician fpeak his right !
None here ! But fees their toils requite,
Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the reft,
(Whom wary men, as foes, deteft,)
Forego your claim ; no more pretend :
Intemp'rance is eſteem'd a friend,
He ſhares their mirth, their ſocial joys,
And, as a courted gueſt, deſtroys ;
The charge on him muſt juſtly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.



FABLE XLVIII.

The Gardener and the Hog.

A Gard'ner of peculiar taste,
 On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
 Who fed not with the common herd,
 His tray was to the hall preferr'd,
 He wallow'd underneath the board,
 Or in his master's chamber snor'd,
 Who fondly stroak'd him ev'ry day,
 And taught him all the puppy's play;
Where'er

Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.

As on a time, the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The master thus addrest the swine.

My house, my garden, all is thine ;
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease,
If the potatoe's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers ;
My tulips are my garden's pride.
What vast expence those beds supply'd !

The Hog by chance one morning roam'd
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd ;
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains ; -
Intoxicating fumes arise,
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes,
Then stagg'ring through the garden scowers,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers,
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spy'd.
Villain, suspend thy rage, he cry'd :

Hast

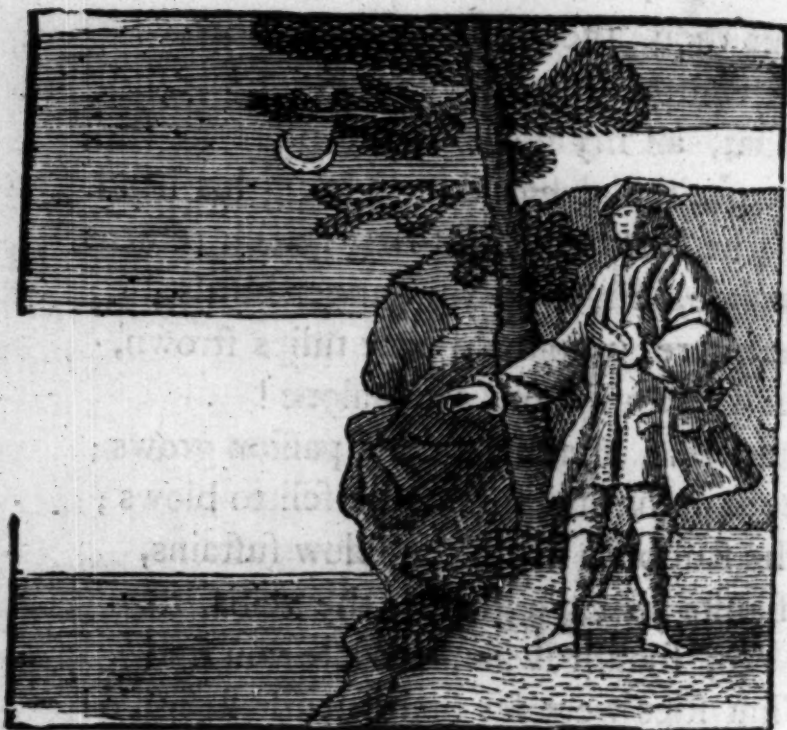
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge forgot?
What, all my flowers! No more he said,
But gaz'd and sigh'd, and hung his head.

The Hog with stutt'ring speech returns,
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns;
See there, untouch'd your tulips strown,
For I devour'd the roots alone!

At this, the Gard'ner's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows;
The stubborn brute the blow sustains,
Assaults his leg and tears the veins.

Ah, foolish swain, too late you find
That sties were for such friends design'd!

Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace;
Who cherishes a brutal mate
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.



FABLE XLIX.

The Man and the Flea.

WHether on earth, in air, or main,
 Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!
 Does not the hawk all fowls survey,
 As destin'd only for his prey?
 And do not tyrants, prouder things,
 Think men were born for slaves to kings?
 When the crab views the pearly strands,
 Or *Tagus*, bright with golden sands,

Or

Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above ;
Nature is too profuse, says he,
Who gave all these to pleasure me !

When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume,
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like *Laura's* cheek, when blushes rise ;
When with huge figs the branches bend ;
When clusters from the vine depend ;
The snail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries all these, were made for me !

What dignity's in human nature,
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eye,
And view'd the sea and archy sky !
The sun was sunk beneath the main,
The moon, and all the starry train
Hung the vast vault of heav'n. The Man
His contemplation thus began.

When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide watry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,

And

And know all these by heav'n design'd
As gifts to pleasure human kind,
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!

Not of th'importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose:
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for man,
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What, heav'n and earth for thee design'd!
For thee! made only for our need;
That more important Fleas might feed.

F A B L E



FABLE L.

The Hare and many Friends.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child, whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care,
 'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
 Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like *Gay*,

Was

Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain :
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies ;
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath,
She hears the near advance of death,
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round ;
'Till, fainting in the publick way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view !

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend,
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendship ev'ry burthen's light.

The horse reply'd, poor honest pufs,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus ;
Be comforted, relief is near ;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately bull implor'd ;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord.

Since

Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend ;
Love calls me hence ; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley mow :
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind ;
But see, the goat is just behind.

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye ;
My back, says he, may do you harm ;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd,
His sides a load of wool sustain'd,
Said he was slow, confest his fears ;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage ?
Older and abler past you by ;
How strong are those ! how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine might take offence.

Excuse

Excuse me then. You know my heart.
But dearest friends, alas, must part!
How shall we all lament! Adieu.
For see the hounds are just in view.

F I N I S.

